

"But you knew there was a baby when you took the place."

"Yis, mem, you tellt me there was a baaby, thot you did, mem; but I doan't be gittin' used to ut—and tha-are's the noorse! I don't object to you, mem."

"But you'll stay your week, Nora? We're expecting company over Sunday."

"I cudn't do ut, mem. I'd loike to do ut—but me timper wud be spoilt intirely, shure! I'd loike to oblige you, mem—but I'd be good for nawthin'!"

"Very well, Nora. Are you going in the morning?"

"It's roight now I'm goin', mem. I cudn't sthand thot noorse anawther noight. I doan't object to you, mem."

"Thank you—I'll pay you for the three days you've been here."

"Thank you, mem." The woman hesitated a moment in the doorway. "If it wasn't for the baby and the noorse—"

"Good night." Mrs. Raynor spoke gently, then turned impulsively to her desk:

PERHAPS," she wrote rapidly, "we might get rid of the baby to oblige you—or I might discharge nurse, who has been in charge for a year and suits us perfectly!"

"Just as I thought things were going so beautifully! Poor George—he said tonight—when the roast was brought on, 'Well, here is something like!' And, oh, that wonderful brown pudding! And George's two maiden aunts coming Sunday—New England housekeepers—ready to report everything to uncle!"

"You red-faced, ignorant fool! You ought to be made to stay! Somebody ought to stand over you with a lash—or it ought to be like it was in slave days when they chained the cook to a ring in the middle of the kitchen floor. Sanitary—but sure!"

"What do you expect when you go out to work—what are you paid for? Perhaps we'd better break up housekeeping and take apartments, as we haven't been able to suit a cook since baby came! I wish I hadn't paid you a cent—two-hundred-weight of fatty impudence that you are!"

Helen threw down the pen and rose quickly as her husband sauntered back.

"Interview with cookey over?" he asked easily.

"What'd she want, dear?"

"Would you like to read 'number two,' George?"

—meekly—"Nora objects to Johnny and nurse. She is leaving tonight."

"The deuce she is! And what about Sunday?"

He hastily scanned the scribbled sheet. "So—it's worked again! Well, never mind, sweetheart—we'll try a Chinaman next time. I can breakfast in town and we'll send word to the aunts not to come."

"Oh, no, George. We wouldn't do that. They'd never forgive us."

"Well, I don't want them anyhow—and this is a good excuse."

"Yes, my dear—that's just what they'd think you did want—an excuse."

"Well—here goes! I'm going to write to them instanter." He drew up his desk chair.

"No—no, George, you really musn't." She put her hand quickly over the paper. "Now let me manage this. Don't interfere."

"Interfere? That's rather strong, Helen, isn't it?"

"Well, I don't interfere with your management at the counting house, do I? And the housekeeping is really my department. I'm responsible—and they'll blame me."

"Why, Helen, I must say I like that. Who cares what the old maids think? And you don't call it interference if I bring up coal when we're out of a cook, and rake the fires—and get up at night and walk the baby when the blamed young one cries—and—"

"What did you call the baby?" she asked icily.

OH, never mind what I called him! You know if there's anything I hate, it's criticism."

The woman regarded him reflectively. "And why, may I ask, should you be exempt—and why shouldn't you swallow what you hate, like everybody else? You make mistakes—sometimes, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes—lots of them—of course I make nothing else—" sneeringly.

"Well then—admit it when you do," she answered, coolly tearing into small pieces her letter to the cook.

"Well then," angrily, "I do admit it. But I'm tired of being found fault with. It's bad enough all day at the office without coming home to the same old thing!"

He threw his paper on the table and noisily slammed the door of his bedroom. Left alone, Helen remained staring numbly into the dying fire.

A quarrel! Actually another quarrel, and what had it been about? She looked around half stupefied for an instant—then sank into the chair by her desk, and dropped her head on her hand. Her eyes, half filled with tears, rested on the sheet of paper beneath her elbow. Mechanically she pulled it nearer and began to write:

"Why, George, was it you who spoke so just now—and to me? And how was I at fault? I

surely must have been at fault—somehow. I would rather think I was, so that I might understand you.

"Where is love—or is there any love where such words can pass? As you spoke so impatiently, I noticed the streak of gray over your forehead and the thought came to me: 'Gray hairs and the temper of a child!'"

"Oh, George, I beg of you—be careful—roughness frightens love away. Love is so gentle—and he never returns—or not as he went—ah, not as he went—only as a patched and made up taing if he return at all!"

"You men when you marry us, think the battle is won. How surprised you would be—yes and shocked, if you really knew! You think we are by your side—you think you hold us closely—when the stars are not further from you than our thoughts—our minds—our real selves—when you make no further effort to keep them your own!"

"A woman said to me once—she was not happily married—but she served, as—she served, and brought up a large family in what must have been the most distressing circumstances—her husband being a narrow-minded, domestic tyrant of the Uncle John type.

"Well, this woman said to me, 'Helen, in married life the one who has the money is the boss.' That was part of her tragedy—her husband had the money. If he had not given it to her every week—what would that woman have done—and the children? But if it had been the woman's money, that same man would have been as humble as a lamb."

"And so, George, do you think the money you put in my drawer every Saturday night is my

price? That because it is yours, I must endure anything you choose to say to me? And if our marriage come to utter shipwreck—what about the child?"

"Oh, the horror of it! That is why women are driven into deceit! Many a woman would have courage to begin life over again—in spite of poverty—in spite of physical ills—but—the children!"

"How dared you speak to me as you did? Why can't I meet you on equal ground, as you would talk to a man friend? Why should you expect to be cajoled? Why should I use towards you the very weapons you would despise in a more unfortunate woman—the weapons of sex?"

"No—I won't do it, George. I have said nothing—done nothing to justify offend you. It must be reason between us two—or—"

A LOUD wail from the nursery broke the stillness. Helen lifted her head and listened. Another cry! She started to her feet and glanced at the clock. It was striking two. The lamp burnt low—the fire was out. Again—the baby cried, now loudly calling her. She hurried across the room.

The opposite door opened and her husband in his pajamas stepped lightly over to her desk. He bent down as though searching for something, found the written sheet and took it away with him. An hour passed. Again the man looked in—tip-toed across the library and knocked softly.

His wife stood at the nursery door, silently regarding him with a look of utter discouragement.

"Helen," he whispered, stooping to answer the look in her eyes, "I was a brute—anyhow I wasn't a gentleman. It shall be reason between us two."

## Africa's Niagara to go to Work

By William T. Walsh

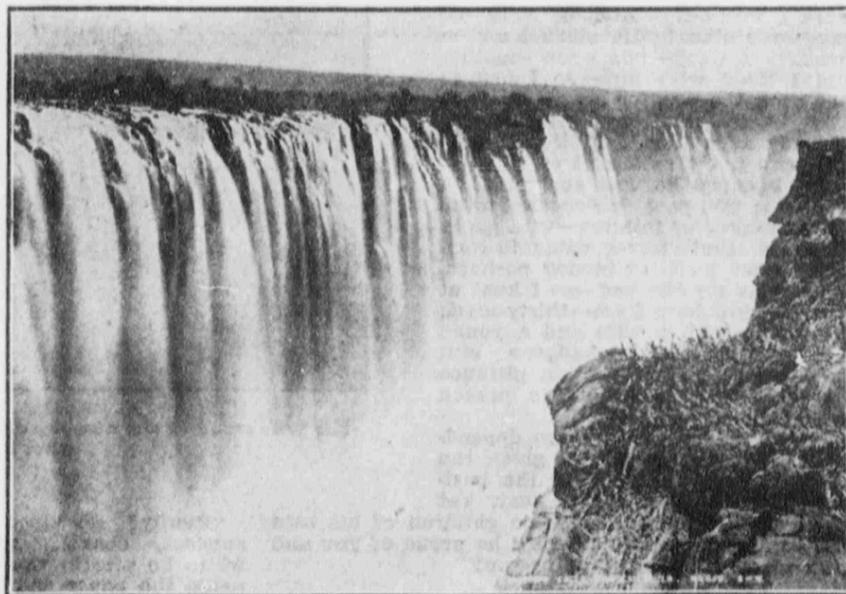
FOR ages, energy capable of generating 35,000,000 horse-power has been plunging in a huge wall of water one mile wide, 360 feet high, over the Victoria Falls, in the Zambesi river, South Africa. By comparison, our own justly vaunted Niagara is only a dwarf, some 170 feet high, with a potential horse-power of but 7,000,000. Yet Niagara is the busy servant of man, while the Zambesi thunders on its useless way, though literally able to do the work of a whole continent, at present of no value except as one of the most stupendous spectacles ever beheld by human being. The waste that is going on here is appalling in these days of conservation of the world's resources.

But this state of affairs is not to last. This Titan is to take up its burden also. Some time ago a committee of famous engineers, representing various countries, were called upon to consider the feasibility of transmitting electric power generated by these falls to various points in Rhodesia and beyond. This staff of experts was made up of Ralph D. Mershon, New York, Sir Douglas Fox and Sir Charles Metcalfe of Great Britain, M. Blondel of France, Dr. Gisbert Knapp of Germany and Dr. Edouard Tissot of Switzerland. Their conclusion was that from the Victoria Falls power could be sent in all directions to tremendous distances, even to the Rand mines, 600 miles to the south. They further stated that it was but a matter of time when a transmission cable should go out into North Rhodesia copper fields, to the deposits of gold ore at Tanganyika and Lo Maghunda, and to the cotton mills of Rhodesia. In fact they prophesied that Victoria Falls would ultimately convert South Africa into a vast industrial center.

The money value of the falls.

TODAY the Rand mines pay yearly from \$125 to \$200 per horse-power generated from coal. These mines use continuously 150,000 horse-power. Energy can be transmitted the distance of 600 miles from the falls at \$25 per annum.

An initial plant, designed to furnish 20,000 horse-power, will be installed. Steel towers, each 60 feet apart, set at distances of 900 feet, will carry the wires. These towers will be imbedded in concrete. Inasmuch as the wind pressures are not very great



The great Victoria Falls in the Zambesi river is a mile wide and 360 feet high, with five times as much potential power as Niagara Falls. It is one of the most stupendous spectacles of the world.

in Central Africa and since there are neither sleet nor snow storms to combat, the unusually large distance allowed between supports is perfectly feasible. The problem of maintaining a transmission line through a wild region of jungle and thicket, of being able to offset the mischief wandering Zulus might be able to do by throwing a copper wire over the main cable and thus grounding the current the engineers refuse to consider, at least at present. Though these are serious objections advanced by those familiar with the country and its inhabitants.

Enormous wealth possibilities.

The cost of this first installation would aggregate about five millions. For each 20,000 of horse-power added, the cost will, of course, be far less. The amount of power is practically inexhaustible. How far it may be utilized is a question of transmission alone. Wherever it can be carried, there the telephones, the telegraph lines, the street railways may be operated by the tremendous energy generated by this falling water.

South Central Africa teems with wealth. Thus in the Witwatersrand alone John H. Hammond, the well known American engineer, has estimated that gold to the value of 4,000 million dollars may still be found here. Mining in this region is carried down to a depth, in some places, of 8,000 feet. Electricity would aid immensely in getting out these rich stores.